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BY THOMAS MOORE.

Friend of my soul! this goblet mp; Twill chase that pensive hear; Tis not so sweet as woman's lip, But, oh! 'tis more sincere.

"Twill steal away thy mind; but, his affection's dream, It leaves no sting behind! Come, twine the wreath thy brows to shade,
There flowers were culled at noon;
Like woman's love the rore will fade,
But, ah! not hat foo soon!
For though the flower's decayed,
Its irragrance is not o'et.,
But once when love's betrayed,
The heart can bloom no more.

HOW MY GHOST WAS LAID.

He fell flat on the ground before me, clasped his hands to his forehead, and uttered a horrible grean. Never on the stage did murdered villain fall so sudlenly or with such a whack.

I began to shake all over. I was, in fact, frightened almost to death. Had I killed him? Had I really killed John Rogers? I was young enough to think it possible. I did not then feel quite as sure as I do now that " Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love." My 16th birthday was just past, and John Rogers was only 21. He was not exactly a milk-maid; Biddy called him the "milk gentleman;" but he milked his mother's cow, and was condescending enough to bring it to our door in a tin can every evening. We did not keep a cow. The railway ran at the toot of our property, and we had had the pleasure of seeing three Alderneys immolated on cowestchers; and, as Mrs. Rogers remarked that "though she was a lady to the backbone, and jest as good as anybody in that neighborhood, of not a lectic better, she did not mind letting us have herextra milk," we gave up our own expe iments in cow-keeping and were served by John Rogers. Part of the bargain understood, though unexpressed, was that the milk-bringing was to be taken in the light of a call. A member of the family received the can, and re-marked sagely that it was warm, cold, rainy, or that we needed rain, and ssked how Mrs. Rogers found herself. When

one sovereign obliges another great cer-emony is required.

I think I never shall forget the linen suite, made as well as washed and ironed by his mamma, in which John Rogers always appeared; his head of curly red hair; his big blue eyes, very round and wide open; his long, red hands and wrists, and the length of stocking, aukle and shoe string which fluished him off. He generally wore a pink in his buttonhole. He was remantic, and had a vol-ume of Tennyson and another of Tom Moore, which he was fond of quoting; and so we come again to the reason of his falling flat on the ground at my feet in that piece of woodland, and which was called in the neighborhood Peck's

I had not been wandering there armin-arm with John Rogers, but I had a habit of taking my book there on sultry afternoons, and be had fallen into another habit of going home that way after serving the milk. Sometimes he had a book in his pocket and would take it out and favor me with a selection. Lady Chara Vere de Vere was his favorite. was not particularly delighted with this attention, but our supply of milk was dependent on our civility, and I was civil; and so it had come to this—John Bogers had proposed to me. There, in the woodland, he had offered me his heart and hand, and I had said: "Oh, Mr. Rogers, pleasa don't, I-I couldn't possibly think of marrying. I'm

too young. Msmma and papa call me their little girl." "Never you mind, Celina, Old folks never kin understand young folks is growed up," replied John Rogers, "We kin wait. We kin keep company a year or two. I'm in hopes grand ther 'll step off by that time, and we'll hev the medder farm. Dunno as we need even ter

mention it jest now."
"Ob, I don't mean that, Mr. Rogers, I said, in terror. "I don't want to wait. I mean—I"—here I thought of the milk. "I regard you with the greatest respect as a neighbor, but-oh, no, Mr. Rogers, don't put your arm around my waist. I can't allow it; but—I— couldn't think of marrying you at any

"Hay!" cried John Rogers. He said it so sharply that I started. "Ah, I see that I am right!" cried John Rogers, "You've been a-trifling with my feelings. You've led me on to this to crush me under your heel. You thort to break a country heart for parane ere you went to teown.' "Oh, Mr. Regers!" I cried, in desperation, "you know I'm not going to

town ; we always live here. "It's all the same," said John Rogers; "You held your course without remores, To make me trust my modest worth; And last you fixed a vacant stare, And sew me with your noble birth,

Miss Celina Tompkins. Oh, I know you."
"Dear me, I'm sure it's very dreadful

of you to say so, Mr. Rogers," I said.
"Then you repent?" said John Rogers. "You sin't a goin' to yield to this here pride of birth. When folks' relais are ministers and doctors they do feel sot up by it generally, but
"Howe'er it be it seems to me
"Is only no-le to be good,
Kind bearts are more than—
Than d otors' sizes, and simple
Faith more than dominies' become

You'll east aside all them there prejulices of caste and hev me, whether or "Oh, no, Mr. Rogers," I sobbed;

oh, no. I'm sure"-the milk rose before my memory again—"I'm sure no family could be more respected than yours; but I never mean to marry at "It's final, then?" said John Rogers.

"Oh, yes, indeed it is. I'm very sorry, but indeed it is," said I.

Instantly, without warning, Mr. Rogers threw his book one way and his milk-kettle the other, and fell flat before me in the road. "Get up, Mr. Rogers," I cried, when he had been perfectly motionless for full five minutes. "Oh, get up, get up!" And to my relief he answered, but

what he said was really terrible: " Miss Celina Tompkins! There stands a specter in your hall, Fine guilt of blood is at your door— You've hilled mo!"

Had I killed John Rogers? As I said before, I was young enough to be-lieve it possible. For an hour I stayed there poking him with my pink-lined purasol, shedding hot tears begging him to rise. He only mouned. Finally, as it was growing quite dark, I picked up his book and his tin can, put his hat on the back of his head and hurried home. At the gate I met a little boy and gave him a 10-cent piece to run and tell Mrs. Rogers that something had bappened to her son, Mr. Rogers, and that she'd better go and look for him in "Pock's grove;" and I added 5 cents more not to tell who sent him. Then I went home. I had done all I out'd do. I han besides.

could not marry John Rogers, but I felt very guilty.

There was no milk for breakfast next morning, nor did Mrs. Rogers again "let us have any." Her manners certainly had not that represe which marks the caste of Vero de Vero; and when she called to collect the bill she gave my mother an unlimited piece of her mind, ending with: "I'd hev you to know, ma'am, that me seed my folks is jest as good as you and your folks any day in the year; and, as for my John, of I'd knowed what he was after I'd hev

showed him. A hity-tity piece—a nasty httle thing like that! Ugh!"
"Has she gone crazy?" panted mam-ma. "What have we done?" And then I burst into tears,

"Don't blame her, mamma," sobbed. "I've broken poor John Rogers" heart,"

There was a good deal of rain about that time, and chills and fever prevailed to an alarming extent. John Rogers took them—I suppose lying on the ground was not good for him—and had them very badly. He enjoyed it, I think now, but he was a terrible, haunting ghost to me as he graw thinner and thinner, and yellower and yellower, and haunted my peth with reproachful poggle eyes and Tennyeon sticking out of his pocket. I think my remorse might eventually have I roken down my we should all spend and not decided that we should all spend a year in Europe. I married abroad, and on our return we all settled in New York, and I felt glad not to return and face the tombstone of poor John Rogers.

"I'm afraid," I often said to my husband, with tears in my eyes-"I'm afraid, love, that I have broken one honest heart that loved me well, and that I may even be responsible for a And I never dared to sleep alone in the dark, for I fear of sceing the ghost

of poor John Rogers pointing to a vol-"How the years fly!" But mine flew happily. I was 30 years old, and the mother of three little children, when we one day bethought us to go upon an excursion up the river. The day was fine; the air delicious; the boat a little too crowded. On our way we stopped at the landing nearest our old home, and, though fourteen years had flown, I thought of John Rogers and grew mel-

"That ghost," I said to myselt, "will never be laid. Yet certainly I did notu-ing wrong. I never encouraged him, and I could not marry him. That would have been impossible."

Meanwhile the gang-plank, as I be

lieve they call it, was thrown out, and some people came on board. Among them was an exceedingly fat, comforts ble man of 35 or more; his wife, a dry, skinny person, in a bright blue bon and a purple grenadine dress, and a small tribe of children. I should not have noticed them any more than any of the rest but for the man's amazing promptitude in gathering up camp-stools and the fact that he seated the family very near our party. Once established, however, it was impossible to forget them, for he talked incessantly.

"Martha Jane, got the basket? Wal, I am relieved; thought you'd left it, and we'd be obliged to buy our victuals at the favern, charging as they do. Sally, was a Kentucky niggab. And what did stop scratchin' your shoe toes. Do you think I'm made of money? Ma, h'ist Peter onto your lap, won't you? Next thing he'll be overboard. Don't scratch your head so, David. Ma, your vail'li git blowed off next, and you'll be both-

erin' about a new one. "When I bother, I'll get one," replied a sharp female voice. "Ef I was you I wouldn't publish my meanness to the hull boat, John Rogera."

John Rogers! At the name I turned, and looked full into the fat man's face. It was very red and round now. No hollow in the cheeks-no sharpness in hollow in the cheesa- no the temples, but there were the big gog-the temples, but there were the big gognose, with the funny nicks in the nostrils, and the curious, pale reddish eye-brows, and a good deal of the pale red-"It is John Rogers!" I ejaculated,

involuntarily. It was his turn to be "Who on earth!" he ejaculated.

Then a sudden light of recognition appeared on his face.
"Not Miss Celina Tompkins!" he eried, and we shook hands. "This here's my partner," he said, indicating his wife with a wave of his umbrella "and I see you've got one, too, and both our quivers is purty full. We've got older, ain't we, all of us, since you lived to Plankville? Grand'ther was fortynate enough to die next spring, and me and Samanthy stepped off in August, 1 weigh more'n I used to done; I turn the miller's scales at 200. Mrs. Rogers, this

I gave him my married name as he paused, and received a very unfavorable glance from Mrs. John Rogers. Afterward I heard her spouse explain-

"She sot considerably by me when she was a gal, but she took too many airs. She was one of them kind that was all outside and nothin' solid, so I let her know I wasn't to be caught. They did say she most broke her heart. I

"If she knowed what I've had to stand she'd rejoice," retorted the still unmolli-fied Mrs. John Rogers. "I'm sure I wish you'd had her."

A little later I saw them with their nine (I had an impression that they had nine) small children, and one in the

arms, hunting for a place to lunch com-

fortably, and I turned to my husband

with a sort of gasp.
"My dear," I said, "that's my ghost -that's the person I've always believed I murdered. "The one who died of love for your sake?" asked my spouse,
I answered: "The very same John
Rogers, He is laid at last."—New York

Josh Billings' "Trump Cards," After a man gits to be 38 years old he kant form any new habits much; the best he kan do is to steer hiz old ones. Euny man who kan swap horses or ketch fish, and not lie- about it, iz az

pius az men ever git to be in this world, The sassyest man I ever met iz a henpecked husband when he iz away from An enthusiast iz an individual who believes about four times az much az he kan prove, and he kan prove about four

times az much az anybodey believes.

Thoze people who are trieing to get to heaven on their kreed will find out at last that they didn't have a thru ticket. Too long courtships are not always judictions. The partys often tire out skoreing 'fore the trot begins,

Young men, learn to wait; if you un dortake to sett a henn before sho iz ready

PITH AND POINT. A LIGHT affair-A lamp.

Lipe's bitterest lesson -Biting a per-

The proper remedy for a young lady who is short if stature is to get spliced as soon as possible. A woman has been arrested in New

York for abducting a little boy. Next time she'll know enough to take a big The Secretary of the Navy knows something about one ship, anyhow. We refer to courtship. He has had four

A STRANGER IN St. Levus, the percentage of a percentage of the state of the back of a percentage of the state destrian, shouted, "Stop thief!" and about thirty of the inhabitants suddenly disappeared down a side street. "What would the country have been

without corporations?" inquired Jay Gould, "What would the world have been without navigation?" Capt, Kidd might have asked with equal cogency. A CLIENT says to his wine-dealer who proposes to sell him a brand of new

wine: "Tell me, now, this wine is not too head,?" Wine seller, with alacrity —"Heady? Why it's not even wine!" Ax old bachelor, who particularly hated literary women, asked an author-ess if she could throw any light on kiss-ing. "I could," said she, loosing archly at him; "but I think it's better in the

A schoolboy being set to write a composition on the ex, after a long strug-gle, produced the following: "An ex does not taste as good as an oyster, but can draw a bigger load, and run twice ns fast."

A WESTERN ODE.

I sm waiting in the wild wood with a club.
I'll meet you 'twirt the glosming and the dark;
I'll hit you with my weapon's big_est hat.
And knock you pratty much scross the park.
And knock you pratty much scross the park.
And sprotechnics the you cannot rest.
On! come and let me hit you for your mother,
My tangle-beaded poet of the west.

—Ckicago Tribune. DEACON JELLY remarked to a penuri-

ous companion that the kingdom of Satan was to be destroyed, and asked him if he wasn't glad of it. "Yes,"he replied, "L suppose so, but it seems a p ty to have anything wasted!" "Why did Gen. Washington cross the Delaware on the ice during the storm of an awful night?" asked a teacher of her young class in history, "I reckon," piped a small voice in answer, "it was

cause he wanted to get on the other STRONG-MINDED wife-"Eb, James, ou are great on languages; what is the difference between exported and transported?" Submissive husband-"Why, my dear, if you should go to Europe you would be exported, and I—well, I should be transported!"

As the family of a very orthodox divine were gravely discussing why the baby was so naughty, a boy of 12, who had just commenced to study the steam engine as well as the catechism, asked, "Papa, as we all inherit the sin of Adam, and the baby is such a little fellow, is there not a greater pressure of sin to the square inch in the baby than in any of the rest of us?"

"Were not the I want to 'list for?' white men fighting for you?" "S'pose dey was. Dat was no sign why we should fight. Massa, did you ever see two dogs tightin' over a bone?" "Well, what's that to do with your fighting?"
"A heap, massa. Did you ever see de bone fight?" The questioner left, amid general laugh,-Cleveland Leader. A good parson, who had the happy

faculty of saying a kind word for every-body in whose behulf one could possibly oe said, recently officiated at the funeral of a farmer who was known as the meanest and most miserly man in the neighborhood. Instead of execrating the de eased for his extortionate and niggardly habits, this kindly disposed clergyman simply spoke of him as "the best rithmetician in the country."-Catskill Recorder.

THE wild storm still raged furiously. Ever and anon the vivid lightning, in fantastic shapes, illumined the darksome and augry heavens. At last our young hero, making a sudden, strategie move-ment, surrounded the band of fifteen howling red demons, and with no other weapon than a seven shooter, a cavalry sword, a dime novel, a Remington rifle, leck of cards, a bowie-knife and a pair of brass knuckles, he moved down his pursuers like grain before the scythe of the reaper; then, seizing the fair Ethel-inda around the waist with one arm and plunging a bayonet into the breast of a nety Indian who exhibited signs of returning consciousness, he vaulted into the saddle of the swiftest horse in the Territory, and cried, in a delirium of triumphant joy-"To be continued in our next."-Norristown Heratd.

The Manitoba lake, which has given same to the province formed out of the Red river region, is called after a small island whence, in the stillness of the night, issue strangely sweet mysterious sounds. The Ojibway Indians who dwe l in that neighborhood believe the island to be the home of Manitoba, the speaking god, and will not land or approach it for any consideration, thinking they would descerate or profane it, and they would meet with some terrible fate for their impiety. The sound is caused, it has been ascertained, by the beating of the waves on the large pebbles along shore. These, with fragments of fine-grained, compact limestone from the cliffs above, are rubbed together by the action of the water, and give out a tone like that of distant church bells. This natural music is beard when the wind blows from the north, and, as it subsides, low plaintive notes, resembling the voices of an invisible choir, are heard. It ha-been compared to the chant of the nuns at Trinita de Monti in Rome, with which all travelers are familiar. The effect i impressive. Tourists have been awak-ened at night in the vicinity under the impression that chimes of bells were ringing afar off, and that their tones were rippling over the take. The mystic bells of Manitoba have acquired such a reputation that travelers are not satisfied until they are heard, and often sper days there waiting for the blowing of the north wind. The Ojibways have a number of poetic legends about their speaking god, whom they profoundly revere.

Factories have been established in Rome for the manufacture of ancient relics. Painters have for a long time found it profitable to turn out the works of old masters to order. These are sold to wealthy American pork butchers, who can see no difference between a Murillo and a chromo, except that the chromo is a little brighter and more stylish, un t e befter match for the purior furn ture,

A Lawyer's Experience in a Sleeping-Car.

I never did, never could and never will sleep a second in a sleeping-car berth. But all of the party said it was because I thought I couldn't, and quot-ed many texts of scripture and old saws to prove that a man could do anything he resolved upon. As u unl, female per-tinacity and volubility prevailed, and we tried it. I resolved I would omit no means of allaring sleep; that I would array myself as for my bed at home, take my usual night-cap of cold water, "Lay me down to sleep," and "pray the Lord my soul to keep." I put my boots outside the curtain, crawied up to the top berth, and, after many contortions top berth, and, after many contortions of the body, bumps on the top of my head and lacerations of my limbs, contrived to fall in in due and regular order. I had been told to lie flat on my back, and obediently did so. The cars rattled and jolted over the rough road, stopped every few miles with a jerk and started with a greater one, until it seemed to me that my soul and all that was within me were being agglomerated into one consistant and uniform jelly. I tried my right side a while and became satistied that we the group side. Then I tried the left and was sorry I had left the right. I then thought it was too light, and got up and shivered around light, and got up and shivered around ten minutes trying to fix my overcost as a shade to my lamps. A man who slept opposite my section alternated between fearful snoring, strangulations and wild and copious expectorations. I felt I had nearly composed myself to sleep, when it occurred to me that sound and direction indicated that my boots were being utilized by my cutarying neighbor. being utilized by my cataronal neighbor, I hustled down again and drew them in from the storm. Then I became certain that my money was in peril, that my pants and vest which contained my treasures must be taken from the pegs and stored away behind me in the berth. I tried for two or three hours to fix things so that I could go to sleep and enjoy that peace and rest that are the posses-sions of the innocent and good, but things went on from bad to worse, and under renewed tortures to head and limbs I dressed me, took a cigar, went to the smoking-room, threw myself into a corner and smoked sullenly and silently through the dismal night,-Related to the Springfield Republican,

How to Mind a Baby. First a man must have one to take care of. It isn't every one that is fortunate enough to have one, and when he does his w fe is always wanting to run over to the neighbor's five minutes, and he has to attend to the baby. Sometimes she caresses hun, and oftener she says, sternly, "John, take good care of the child till I return." You want to remonstrate, but cannot pluck up courage while the awful female eye is upon you; so you prudently refrain, and merely re-mark: "Don't stay long, my dear." She is scarcely out of sight when the luckless babe opens its eyes, and its mouth also, and emits a yell which causes the cat to bounce out of the door as if something had stung it. You timidly lift the cherub, and sing an operatio air; it does not appreciate it, and yells the louder. You try to bribe it with a bit of sugar; not a bit of use, it spits it out. You get wrathy and shake it, stops a second, and you venture another, when, good heavens! it sets up such a roar that the passers by look up in astonishment. You feel desperate; your hair stands on end and the perspication oozes out of every pore as the agomzing thought comes over you, what if the luckless child should have a fit! You try baby talk; but "fitty, litty lamby" has no effect—for it stretches as if a red-hot poker had been laid upon its spine, and still it vells. You are afraid the neighbors will be alarmed, and give it your gold watch as a last resource, just in time to save your whis kers; though it throws down a handful of your cherished mu taches to take the watch, and you thankfully find an easy chair to rest your aching limbs, when down comes that costly watch upon the floor, and the cause of all the trouble breaks into an ear-splitting roar, and you set your teeth and prepare to administer personal chastisement when in rushes the happy woman known as your wife snatches up the long-suffering child from your willing arms, and, sitting down, stills it by magic, while you gaze mournfully at the remains of your wat-h and cherished mustache, and, uttering a malediction on babykind in general, and on the image of its father in partie ular, vow never to take care of the baby

again-until the next time.

A defeated man is fortunate if he happens to be a witty one too. He can save his credit by his explanation. An exchange tells how a lucky phrase of army language brought a certain "hero" out of a doubtful hunting experience

with success: A party of soldiers "out West," not having much to do, resolved to go bear hunting. They had been out about sirteen hours and had not seen a bear, and, ing tired and hungry, returned to amp. On their arrival at headquarters hey missed one of their companions, out thought nothing of it, one of them

remarking: "He will return all right," They made their camp-fire and com nenced preparations for supper. They had some coffee over the fire; one of them was slicing some potatoes, another was stewing some meat, and the remainder sat around the fire waiting, when they were all startled by a terrible noise that seemed to come nearer the camp. Suddenly the thickets parted, and in rushed the missing man, his hair standing on end, his face deadly white. his gun gone, and his arms flying in the air, as if grasping for imaginary objects, and about two feet behind him came a great black bear. The pursued soldier turned when he saw the bea drop, and, looking at one of them, said.

reathlessly :
" Is he dead?" One of the men asked: "Why didn't you shoot him, instead

What do you take me for?" replied the missing one, "Do you think I was such a fool as to shoot him, when I could bring him in alive?"

cheap, the climate is glorious, and it's the chespest country in the world in which to shoot anybody. Thunder-storms and meteoric showers are not so rare as convictions for murder.

In Camornia wages are high, food is

A New Hampshire woman has preserved a part of her wedding cake for forty-nine years.

OPPORTUNITIES are very sensitive things; if you slight them on their first visit, you seldom see them again.